account of your adventures with that cold hauteur which gives the true sportsman pain.

THE BATTLE.

POLITICAL BUBBLES.

To-morrow will be the second day of regis-

County Democracy County Convention to-

The Republican County Convention meet

norrow evening, Cooper Institute.

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

EIGHT COMMITTEEMEN TO DECIDE ABOUT RUNNER CARTER'S CASE.

The Nassau Athletic Club's New Hendquar ters-Pangerous Hammer Throwing on the Mots Haven Grounds-This Winter's Skating Very Promising—Two Novices Matched to Fight-Appearances Deceitful.



OME eight committee men will decide on the evidence in the Carter case. An expert sums it up this way : " Mortimer Bischop, of the Americans, is doubtful and C. H. Rowland, of the Staten Island Athletic Club, never shows up. I'll put down J. E. Sullivan, of the Pastimes. W. Halpin, Olympic A. C., and Nassau man, W. O. Eschewege, as sure for Carter, because they

think him innocent

and a persecuted man. W. Storms, President of the Manhattan Athletic Club; C. H. Mapes, of Columbia College, and W. H. Hegeman, who interested in the revival of the old Willfamsburgs, are a sort of ring by themselves and will vote against Carter in a lump, each for his own reasons. Storms will oppose the five-mile record breaker, because his club wants him gotten out of the way of Skillman, and Storms wants to please his club and retain its presidency. Mapes wants to continue to represent intercollegiate athletes, and wishes to do anything to cripple the new association of amsteur athletes, because if the new organization is a go. each college will have its own representative; so he will vote to suit Storms. So will Hegeman, who wants to stick to the position he now holds of official handicapper. On the evidence I think it would be impossible to convict, but wouldn't be surprised if Carter received a censure, so as to let the Manhattans down easy." and will vote against Carter in a lump, each

The Nassau Athletic Club is not losing a minute in getting its newly secured head-quarters on Washington street opposite the Brooklyn Post-Office fitted. Billy Robertson, one of the most enterprising of the new members and the club's athletic instructor, J. West, professional hitch-and-kick champion, have promised to have the new club rooms ready by Nov. 1. The Brooklyn Lacrosse team joined the Nassaus this week and will soon play a series of games with a team of Canadian Indians. Malcolm W. Ford, all-round champion athlete, has been offered the use of the grounds and running track pending the decision on the petition for his reinstatement as an amateur, but has declined to put on his athlete suit till he has ceased to be called a professional. The Nassau Athletic Club is not losing a

People who watch the field and cinderpath contests of the amateurs, consider the games hazardous enough when all possible care is used. Irish Giant W. J. M. Barry was severely critized at the New York Athletic Club's members games, at Mott Haven, the other day, when, with his sixteen-pound hammer, he came within three feet of launching champion pole-vaulter Baxter and a friend, who were walking across the in field. No warrance friend, who were walking across the in field. No warning whatever was given that Barry was going to make a throw. given that Barry was going to make a throw. Then the spectators, whose eyes followed the missile in its flight were terror-stricken when they saw the athletes apparently just where the iron would hit them. A shout of warning only made the seemingly doomed men conscious of their terrible fate. They couldn't have dodged certain death had the hammer flown a trifle more to the right. There is talk of petitioning the god who is supposed to look after a certain kind of peoto be around whenever Mr. Barry lumbers on to athletic grounds.

Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, the cham-Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, the champion Canadian fancy skater, has written the New York amateur champion skater, Gus Walton, for a copy of the by-laws and constitution of the National Amateur Skating Association of America. A meeting will be held in Montreal on Wednesday evening, and a like organization, to attend to the interests of amateur skating in Canada, will probably be formed. Mr. Walton says there is an increasing interest in skating, and there will be a number of close competitions if the weather is favorable. Among the skaters of promise for the able. Among the skaters of promise for the year is Mr. A. B. Rich, who holds no end of bicycle records and who was fourth in the twenty-five-mile race last winter.

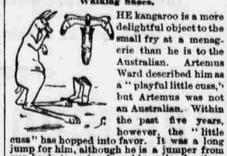
Two novices named Patrick Curtain and Patrick Smith were matched last night to fight to a finish with skin-tight gloves for a purse of \$200 and \$100 a side. The money was all placed in the bank of a well-known sporting man, who was chosen referee and stakeholder. The battle will be fought in four weeks. But fifty spectators all told will

A western relative of a member of the New York Athletic Club was taken round town on a sight-seeing trip the other day. As they were about getting off a street car going up Sixth avenue, they saw a slightly built young man running down Forty-first street to catch the conveyance they were leaving. The westerner had just been telling what a runner he was at home, and dilating on the proper way to get speed together with ease of movement. "Now just see," he said, as the thinfaced runner neared the sikewalk, "how awkwardly that chap runs. I could give him A western relative of a member of the New

one mile in every three and beat him easily,"
"Why, hello, old man," said the New Yorker as the hurrying passenger grasped the ear
railing to pull himself on board. "Charlie,
let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. E. C.
Carter, the amateur champion, my friend
M. Brown." "Oh!" gasped Charlie.

THE KANGAROO LOOKING UP.

His Skin Much in Demand for Comfortable Walking Shees.



however, the "little cuss" has hopped into favor. It was a long jump for him, although he is a jumper from way back, to spring from his native heath to the pedal extremities of New Yorkers. That is what he has done, and now the kangaroo is decidedly looking up.

His hide makes a fine, soft leather, which is susceptible of a polish, and consequently supplies excellent material for shoes. Although the skins are sent so far kangaroo leather is cheap, for the animals cost nothing to keep.

keep.
The price of a good pair of shoes is only \$4
or \$5. They wear well, and re easier to the
foot which knows the agony of corns than
anything except the softest calf-skin, which is expensive.
Alligator hides are also utilized for shoes.

Alligator hides are also utilized for shoes. They are more frequently made into slippers. The divisions in the hides give them quite a decorative quality. Travelling-bags and portemonnaies are also made of the tough hide of the alligator.

Elephant hide and monkeys' skins are sometimes utilized for small objects of this kind. These are employed more for the oddity of the thing than for any special beauty or durability.

or durability.

Let the enterprising native now discover some more useful purpose for a jack-rabbit's skin than to be pierced with a bullet-hole.

NEW YORK'S STEADY GROWTH.

Evidences of Prosperity that the Average Man Does Not Notice.

One can always find something new in New York if he looks for it. The average citizen, who travels back and forth between his house and his down-town office, has little idea how the city grows. A New Yorker who has just returned from the Rocky Mountains

idea how the city grows. A New Yorker who has just returned from the Rocky Mountains said yesterday that the most remarkable thing that he had seen for a year was the growth of New York.

"I don't suppose that I would have noticed it at all." he said, "if I hadn't been out of town all summer. The fact that the city was growing rapidly all the time never occurred to me before. When I came home I found two new apartment-houses and a big business block that reached from street to street right in my own neighborhood, and that neighborhood is in the oldest and most conservative residence part of the city. This opened my eyes somewhat, and for the past few days I have been looking around a little more than is my wont. It is simply surprising to see the number of new buildings of various kinds that have been built within the past year. All this indicates to my mind the best kind of prosperity for New York."

The books in the office of the Bureau of Buildings show that at least 80 per cent. of

The books in the onice of the Bureau or Buildings show that at least 80 per cent, of the permits issued are for buildings costing more than \$20,000 each. A good share of the new buildings are large business blocks and apartment houses. The rest are private

[From the Nebraska State Journal.] "They say that there was a great time at Seacock's last night when Miss Seacock and Bill-hoover were married."

hoover were married."

"Yes, I was there. Had singing, dancing, speaking and everything."

"Who made the speech?"

"Lawyer Grigaley. He was very much affected, and he said that to show how sincere he was in his wishes for the young couple's happiness he would pledge himself to obtain them a divorce at any time, and it wouldn't cost them a cent."

Second Childhood.

[From Gaulois.]
M. — was breakfasting the other day at a restaurant. The cutlets which he had ordered were very tough. "Walter!" he called, "what is this you have

given me?"
"Lamb, sir."
"You are quite sure it is lamb and not mutton 7"
'Oh, certainly, sir."
''Oh, certainly, sir."
''H'm! Oh, yes; I see. A case of second child-hood, probably."

A Memory Destroyer.

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.] "I see it stated," remarked the Horse Editor, that the use of tobacco tends to destroy the memory,"
"I think it does," replied the Snake Editor, and
"I think it does," replied the Snake Editor, and
he looked very hard at his colleague as he said it.
"I have noticed that the man who uses the most
forgets to purchase it when he is on the street."

Willing to Chip in for the Funerale.

An enterprising Lyons doctor has for once stoler a march on his American rivals. He boldy an-nounces in the newspapers that "in all cases in which his treatment is not crowned with success, he will guarantee to pay a half of the patient's fu-

A Cheerful Dector to Have.

(From Figure.)
"Dr. S. seems to me to be such an unlucky man with his patients."
"Well, you see, he is somewhat of a misanthrope; and as he considers life the heaviest of all burdens, he considers it his duty to do all he can toward lightening it."

HUNTING CLOSE AT HAND. FIERCE GAME THAT INFESTS THE REGIONS

ROUND ABOUT NEW YORK.

Elk at Greenwood Lake and Bears in the Catakills-Pleasures of the Wildest Chase A Dog that was Well Broken-Choice of a Gun-The Expense of It All Accu rately Estimated by an Expert.



HAVE received several letters inquiring into the subject of hunting in the neighborhood of New York, the implements to be used, the game which may be found and the artifices with which a skilful hunter may get his prey, and I cheerfully give information, which may even in moments of desperate danger, be

There are several varieties of game to be found in this State. One kind may be shot almost any quiet rainy evening at short range, with chips.

Grizzly bears may be hunted with perfect safety in the Catakills. The dangers which infest the path of the grizzly bear hunter in

safety in the Catakills. The dangers which infest the path of the grizzly bear hunter in the Rocky Mountains and in the stories of Theodore Roosevelt are almost entirely eliminated in that section. An adventurous sportaman may hunt grizzlies every day in the year on the road between Palenville and Catskill, without loss of life or limb, if he observes a simple precaution against taking cold and avoids any unpleasant complications with a large and venomous cow.

Elk are, perhaps, not quite so plentiful now in the neighborhood of Greenwood Lake, N. J., as they were several thousand years ago, but the hunting is still good. An active, persevering man may hunt there for two weeks and have nothing occur to ruffle his feelings or mar his perfect enjoyment of the tranquil scene. Nothing so jars the true elk hunter as to come suddenly upon a large and industrious bull elk. The pleasures of the chase are greatly over-estimated. I had an elk chase me two miles once, and I would have sold my share of the amusement for 65 cents.

Wildcat hunting is very exciting, especially for the cat. Once in Mendocino County, Cal., I was enjoying a few day's quail shooting at a farmhouse where there was a large and sociable dog. His father was a setter and his mother a bull-terrier, and the combination of inherited qualities made this dog peculiar. If I took him hunting with me the setter instinct prompted him to rush around through the brush and scare off every bird within half a mile, and if I slipped away without letting him know, the faithful bull-terrier quality would tend to come out in company with a large piece of my leg when I returned home.

One evening I was returning from a hunt with that dog. He had enjoyed the hunt so much that not a quail had remained in the county. Suddenly he plunged forward; there was a quick rush and a scrabble, and I beheld a huge wildcat poised on the limb of a small tree just out of the dog's reach. Emotion swelled visibly in the cat's tail and frenzy ruled the dog. I stepped back a rod, extracted



THE SAFE WAY.

most of the shot from one barrel and sprinkled the cat in the region of the jumpers. He
came out of the tree and came suddenly, and next minute there was
a whirlwind of fur and agony
under that tree, and mingled sounds
informed me that both the cat and the dog
had ascertained that something was wrong.
There was a combination of clawing and
yowling, spitting and snapping, revolving
would be a continued by the control of the partisan County Democrats are opposed to Mr. Nicoll's nomination. They are
friends of James Fitzgerald.

Mr. Joseph Gordon, a young coal merchant and a member of the County Democracy
organization, will probably be the
union nominee for the Assembly in the Eighteenth District.

Many County Democracy leaders think informed me that both the cat and the dog had ascertained that something was wrong. There was a combination of clawing and yowling, spitting and snapping, revolving and rough-and-tumble excitement which lasted about a minute, and then a peaceful hush succeeded, during which the zephyrs blew away the cloud of dust and hair and disclosed what was left of the dog lying serenely at peace with the trivial remains of the cat, and both so mixed as to be inseparable.

the cat, and both so mixed as to be inseparable.

The trouble with that dog was that his pedigree was contradictory. His setter instinct prompted him to let go the cat and run, and his bull-terrier instinct prompted him to hold on, lie down and chew, and before he could make up his mind whether he ought to obey his father or his mother he died.

There is nothing so necessary to a sportsman as a thoroughbred, well-broken dog.

Always purchase a pedigree with the dog.

A full-blooded dog with a reliable pedigree costs about \$150, which allows \$149.50 for the pedigree and 50 cents for the dog.

A dog should be carefully broken. I had a dog once, a young and promising spaniel, who had an uncontrollable passion for feathers, and usually made his selection from the tails of fowls belonging to the neighbors. I

intended to have him broken, but a poultryowner spared me the trouble one day, having
artfully decoyed my dog into a well-fenced
back yard, where there was plenty of room
to swing a club. I never saw a dog so thoroughly broken in so short a time, but it
seemed to me his education was too rapid,
for he died in four days.

The best dog for hunting purposes in this
section is a pointer.

Some pointers are very expensive. I heard
the other day that Cyrus Field once got a
pointer from Jay Gould which cost him
\$750,000.

Next to the dog the most important feature WHERE IS THE IDEAL STORE?

PRETTY THINGS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD ABUNDANT, BUT NOT AT LOW PRICES,

A Suggestion for Artistic Women Who are Obliged to Rub Along on Inartistic Incomes-Why Some Shoppers Shun Stores in What are Called "Popular" Locali-Next to the dog the most important feature ties Chenppess Means Clumsiness.



in this great city, there is one which lies particularly close to the hearts of artistic peowhere everything that lack, without an exception, the shop where artistic furniture and furnishings may be bought for a small sum. It is not that the goods sold are not worth what they cost, but that there is nothing to be found in the same style but of less expensive material.

MONG other needs

Take any fine furniture shop in town and go carefully through it, noting, not materials nor workmanship so

much, but shape and design. It is almost an impossibility to find on Fifth avenue a single example of the exceedingly ugly and clumsy shapes that greet your eye the mo-ment you enter a side shop or one in a cheap and "popular" locality.

By searching faithfully and long it is pos-sible to find a houseful of good furniture that

By searching faithfully and long it is possible to find a houseful of good furniture that does not cost an extravagant amount and may possibly be of refined character, but it would prove a weary search in the main.

In the ideal shop, on the other hand, should be found just the right things and none other. There would be spindle-legged tables and grandmothery dressing cases in cheap wood, in stained or oiled or even painted pine. There should be jolly little square settees and book-shelves made of long narrow boxes set one over the other, with dull iron or brass handles on the end, placed there for ornament and to carry the boxes of books from place to place. There should be camp-chairs with good colored carpet backs and seats to set in a corner and be useful when more people come than are expected. There should be brass-mounted iron beds in plain white and in colors, and a woman at hand to take orders to make a daintily fresh cover for this bed and petticoats for a dressing-table.

The dining-room should not be forgotten; but, on the contrary, the man who would be leaver grouped to start this happy, place

cover for this bed and petticoats for a dressing-table.

The dining-room should not be forgotten; but, on the contrary, the man who would be elever enough to start this happy place should likewise have wit to impress it upon his disciples. How jolly is a dining-room with its floor painted a dull yellow, a dead green art-rag hung over it, table and chairs painted green, yellow curtains at the windows, and enough pictures and flowers in white at equally light value to set it off.

In another room from the one in which, of course, would be exhibited everything suitable for hangings, table covers and bed and dressing-table draperies should be the "decorations." This, to be correct, should be a museum of everything in the home-art line. Nothing should be trivial, but nothing on the other hand should cost more than \$5.

There should be palms, both those in jars and those cut to place over a picture or door. There should be spears, too, of pampas grass, not the ugly little short sticks that one sees in boarding-house vases, but lovely graceful stalks with a leaf or so as well as the feather to stand in the delicately effective way they will stand in a corner. Cheap to its sets from the hand of an artistic potter would not come strictly under the head of decorations, perhaps, but they would certainly look up and smile very cheerfully at a weary would-be housekeeper.

Big vases of good form and color regardless of the ware would not have a chance to become "stale goods," for there is many a woman who has declared beneath her breath that she will "die a suicide's death or get something big to put on that mantel-shelf and keep the little things "row dancing about if she has to 'put up' the water-pail and broom."

"Pretty little things "may be had cheaply at any time, but they are, nine times out of ten, sure death to the much-to-be-desired broad effect. If one has them, well and good; get some few large decorations to give balance to the room in which they are. If one has them not, they should wisely be left, in every ins Rifle shooting has its drawbacks in the more thickly settled districts of this State. I once fired a calibre 45 rifle at a woodchuck in Massachusetts, and next day a farmer offered to sell me a dead calf, which he had found half a mile away on such reasonable terms that I felt compelled to purchase.

Hunting is not an expensive pastime. You can get a very good gun for \$65, a dog for \$150, your accourtements will not exceed \$175, railroad farcs, guides, board and extras should not exceed \$60 a week, and if you have good luck and are a good shot you may be reasonably certain of securing 40 cents' worth of robins and perhaps a dyspeptic duck, together with a bad cold and a case of rheumatism which will give you rest from the cares of business for six weeks.

HENRY GUY CARLETON. "We will get our orders from the New Amsterdam Club," said a member of the County Democracy Senatorial Conference

Many County Democracy leaders think that a union ticket without Mr. Martine as the candidate for Judge of Sessions and Mr. Nicoll as the candidate for District-Attorney would be defeated. The Republican County Convention meets this evening in Grand Opera-House Hall. The convention will probably adjourn until after the Democrats have completed their union county ticket. Several of the district leaders favor the nomination of Mr. Nicoll for District-Attorney and of Mr. Martine for Judge, should the Democrats set Mr. Nicoll aside.

PENNY GAMBLING FOR BOYS.

Most Street Dive Kept by an Italian Capt. McCullagh, of the Elizabeth street police, has just broken up a den of vice on

Mott street, kept by an Italian woman. In a dingy basement, befouled by badly trimmed and half-lighted kerosene-oil lamps, she ran a cheap gambling dive, into which she enticed boys of from ten to sixteen years of age, and there inducted them into the mysteries and miseries of draw-poker. Her child victims were newsboys, bootblacks and street arabs, who stole from their parents or begged from pedestrians that they might

play penny-ante.
This woman kept the cellar open night and ple who are forced by fate to live on extremely inartistic incomes.
We have shops galore, where everything that is beautiful and costly may be found, but we last with cards and pulse of them, while hovering about like a hawk was the female Fagan, watching the cards and seizing greedily the "kitty," which was her share of profit.

Capt. McCullagh will see that the woman is prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

WHAT LABOR MEN THINK OF US.

Delegate Hawkes, of the Concord Labord Club-Robert P. Davis, delegate of the Operative Painters' Union—It's a grand paper.

Painters' Union—It's a grand paper.

Harry Melsel, delegate of the Urania Club (walters)—It's a good newspaper. I read it every day. Gregory Weinstein, delegate of the Concord Labor Club to the Central Labor Union—A very good, newsy paper.

John Bogart, delegate to the Central Labor Union from Typographical Union No. 6—It's a bright, newsy paper.

bright, newsy paper.

George McVey, delegate from the Piano Makers to the Central Labor Union—I read it. It's a well-constructed, newsy paper.

J. V. George, brother of Henry George and business manager of the Standard—It is a good newspaper in every respect. I read it every evening.

Ernest Boehm, Secretary of the Central Labor Union—A nice newspaper, with lots of news. It is making great headway among the labor people. John Jones, walking delegate of Progressive Painters' Union No. 1—10's a good newspaper, well edited and full of good things of interest to every-body.

William McCabe, United Labor party leader in the Fourteenth Assembly District, and a practical printer—THE EVENING WORLD is a a rattling good newspaper.

James O'Fiaherty, cloakmaker...I think it a bright, crisp, readable newspaper, and seems to me to be fair and impartial. It gives the news in good shape.

James T. Coughlin one of the leaders of the United Labor party in the Fifteenth Assembly District—I think there is no newspaper in existence like The Evening World. Daniel S. Jacobs, Delegate of the Shoe Sales-men's Union—I think it a first-class newspaper, and has a good future before it, provided it con-tinues to devote a fair portion of its space to labor

Louis P. Delan, President of Council No. 8, of the Furniture and Carpet Saleamen's Union—True EVENING WORLD is a very good newspaper. I like its spirit. It's on a par with the enterprise always shown by TRE WORLD.

Edward Conklin, delegate to the Central Labor Union from Progressive Painters' Union No. 1—It is one of the best newspapers ever made, and it goes like hot-cakes in the Fifteenth Assembly Dis-trict among the United Labor party people.

William B. Clarke, Secretary of the County Ex-ecutive Committee of the United Labor party—This EVENING WORLD shows great fairness and impar-tiality. Our meetings have always been reported faithfully and without prejudice. This World is a good and honest newspaper.

Ernest Boehm is a candidate of the Progressive Labor party for the Assembly in the Twentieth District. Labor Party Candidates.

Charles Brice, a gold-beater, is the man most talked of for the Senate from the Elevanth District by the United Labor party.

A United Labor candidate for Afferman in the Eighteenth Assembly District is Robert P. Davis, of the Operative Painters' Union.

James T. Coughlin is a United Labor party candidate for Alderman in the Fifteenth District, where he is popular with everybody. Among the candidates for the Assembly from the Eighth District, John Bogart, a union printer, looms up on the United Labor party side.

Edward Conklin, of the Progressive Painters' Union, No. 1, would like the United Labor party in the Fifteenth District to send him to the Assem-

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18c.
Porterhouse steak, 22c. to Pompano, 60c.
Sirioin steak, 18c. to 20c.
Leg mutton, 18c. to 18c.
Lamb chora, 25c.
Lamb chora, 25c.
Leg veal, 25c,
Sweetbreads, 40c. pair.
Caives' heads, 75c.
Roasting pig, \$2.50 to \$4.50
Kingdat, 25c.
Sweetbread, 25c.
Sheembland, 25c. Hoasting pig. \$2.50 to \$4.50
sech.
Spring chicken, \$1.25 to
\$1.40 pair.
Reast chicken, 25c. th.
Dry-picked turkeys, 25c.
Squabs, \$6 dosen.
Geese, 25c.
Ducks, 25c.
Canvas-backs, \$3 to \$3.50
pair.
Grouss, \$1.25 pair.
Grouss, \$1.25 to \$1.50 pair.
Fartridge, \$1.25 to \$1.50 pair.
Red birds, \$1.26 dosen.
Hed heads, \$1.00 to \$1.75
Mallards, \$1 to \$1.25 pair.
Tal, \$1 pair.
Ventson, 25c. to 30c.
White batt, 40c.

What We Claim for Riker's the should be said, do not get discouraged because it is not. In all probability, all these things are to be found in the city. If you can spend \$200 in furnishing your house, think carefully before you go to buy, and then go shead.

She Wanted Two Dolls.

[Prom Parts Steels.]

Mama (in a toy shop)—Now, Suzanne, here are lots of dolls to select from. What kind of a doil would you like to have?

Little Suzanne (aged six)—Twins, mamma, please.

What We Claim for Riker's

MAMILY MEDICINES and TOILY REQUIRITES is the they are as good as any and far better than the majority: that they are much more reasonable in ninety-five cases out of a hundred, that in cases when they do not do all that may have been expecteded or them, or where they may have falled to please for an inety-five cases out of a hundred, that in cases when they do not do all that may have been expecteded or them, or where they may have falled to please for an inety-five cases out of a hundred, that in cases when they do not do all that may have been expecteded or them, or where they may have falled to please for an inety-five cases out of a hundred, that in cases when they do not do all that may have been expected or them, or where they may have falled to please for an inety-five cases out of a hundred, that in eases when they are they are an good as any and far better than they are a good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are a good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far better than they are an good as any and far

look at the decorations. What an amazing pretty gown you've got on," and the Colone repeating the mistake of all the other men of feeling, tucked Mrs. Standiford under his arm, and marched off.

Mrs. Meyrick and Major Standiford stood will and glanged at each other.

Colonel and Mrs. Meyrice nears, to numbers of other persons, that after the Major and Mrs. Standiford were to night train for a visit to Major Standi aunt—but that Major Standiford would turn—and the news came from the for

matrons could regard her as anything but

arm, and marched off.

Mrs. Meyrick and Major Standiford stood
still and glanced at each other. But each
was wary. Mrs. Meyrick's weapon for striky
ing the wife was adulation to the husband.
The Major replied in monosyllables, but nobody could say he was not strictly attentive
to all Mrs. Meyrick was saying.

"Why weren't you at the tennis tournament?" she asked.

"I hate tennis," was the Major's sententious and comgrehensive reply.

Mrs. Meyrick laughed. "I remember
when you were the beau general of the postand didn't miss anything."

"I'm a domestic man now," said the Major
with a smile in which there was no mirth.

"Ah, that's what they all say," replied
Mrs. Meyrick, wagging her head playfully.
"But I don't allow Col. Meyrick to urge tha
as a sufficient excuse."

"Col. Meyrick isn't under good disciplina.
I'm afraid," coolly replied the Major. "You
shouldn't allow him to insubordinate that
way."

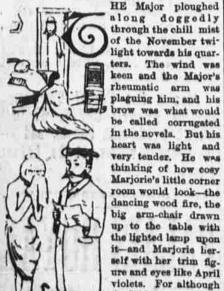
Under the powder Major Standiford and

shouldn't allow him to insubordinate that way."

Under the powder Major Standiford as we the hot blood rush into Mrs. Meyrick's hands some face. He would not willingly have hurt a fly, but he stabbed back with keen dealight the woman who had stabbed his Marjorie. Everybody knew who commended the commandant. Then he followed it up.

"Won't you take my arm for a turn?" he asked, and before she knew it, Mrs. Meyrich was strolling around the room on Major standiford's arm. That meant that Mrs. Standiford could hold on to Colonel Mayor rick indefinitely, and as the Colonel was stiff and starched where he dared to be that Marjorie would not be molested during the promenade by the gilded youth. And both Colonel and Mrs. Meyrick heard, besides numbers of other persons, that after the ball

Major Standiford's Wife. BY S. SIDNEY.



ters. The wind was keen and the Major's rheumatic arm was plaguing him, and his brow was what would be called corrugated in the novels. But his heart was light and very tender. He was thinking of how cosy

Marjorie's little corner room would look-the dancing wood fire, the big arm-chair drawn up to the table with the lighted lamp upon it-and Marjorie herself with her trim figure and eyes like April violets. For although the Major was grizzled and had twinges of

rheumatism in his strong right arm, he was

A high-pitched feminine voice called out Major Standiford! Major Standiford!" The Major had heard the grinding of carriage wheels overtaking him, and he recognized the voice of the Colonel's wife as she stopped him and stuck her bold, handsome head out of the window of the stylish tham. Far back in the carriage he could see the little Colonel himself, who was sel-

dom in the foreground when his madam was

Major Standiford raised his well-worn cap. and stood in an attitude of rigid politeness. but his eyes did not show the kindly light that usually filled them when he spoke to women.

"Good evening, Mrs. Meyrick. How are you, Colonel ?" " How do," feebly responded the Colonel

while Mrs. Meyrick burst forth glibly.

"Now, Major Standiford, you really must come to the bal pondie. I know you'll look stunning in a Louis Quatorze costume with your hair powdered"—

"My hair won't need any powdering, thank you," remarked the Major grimly, lifting his cert again and showing a handsome

thank you," remarked the Major grimly, lifting his cap again and showing a handsome iron-gray head.

"But you must come. I've promised myself the pleasure of dancing with you, and we can't give these things up to the lieutenants entirely, can we Colonel?"

"No, my dear, we can't," piped the Colonel from the depths of the brougham.

"And you particularly request that Major Standiford be present or accounted for, don't you, Colonel, at the bal pondie?"

"Of course I do," obediently replied Col. ne! Meyrick, who was somewhat afraid of the Major, but considerably more so of Mrs. Meyrick.

Meanwhile the Major had been gradually working himself into a kind of cold fury. Not one word about his wife. His poor Marjorie.

had said that Mrs. Standiford had another husband somewhere—and the possible reappearance of this other man furnished gossip for all the tea tables at the fort. In vain that every man who knew the Major knew that he could no more take a wicked woman to his honest heart than he could fly. In vain Mrs. Standiford might justly claim to be the quietest, most stay-at-home woman at the post—yet not a day passed that these two poor souls were made to feel that impalpable suspicion that was like death to each, and then—there was something after all. The Major could swear upon his untarnished honor that both he and Marjorie thought the man dead—but suppose—suppose? The Major was a brave man, but this thought always made him tremble. Then he hated the world. When she had been the victim of a brute, and he had stood forth to protect her as a brother might shield a sister, the blind, dotting, hateful world had visited her with contempt—not him, the strong man, but her, the weak woman. He trudged along in anything but a heavenly frame of mind until he reached his own door and opened it. Yes, there was the cheerful, crackling fire, the book he had left off laid on the table waiting for him at the very page—for the Major was a tactiurn and reading man—but no Marjorie.

He stood for a moment with his back to the fire expecting to see her enter, but she did not come. He went and glanced in the cold.

fire expecting to see her enter, but she did not come. He went and glanced in the cold, ne! Meyrick, who was somewhat atraid of the Major, but considerably more so of Mrs. Meyrick.

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"It altogether depends," said the Major, with savage distinctness, fastening his resolute dark eyes on Mrs. Meyrick's, "upon whether Mrs. Standiford wishes to go. In that case I shall of course accompany her. I seldom go to balls except to oblige Mrs. Standiford. Good afternoon."

The Major but considerably more so of Mrs. Major Majorie.

The Major had been gradually working himself into a kind of cold fury. Not, with a troubled heart, he mounted the stairs and knocked at Marjorie's door. No Marjorie. Then he went to his own par ticular den to look for her. The leaving of this den to him was one of the wisest acts of Marjorie's wise married life. Here the Major indulge those bachelor habits that had been well fixed upon him when he had married Marjorie. Herself, the soul of neatness, Marjorie did not permit the invasion of the housemaid into this saored spot. The Major never knew when it had had a cleaning or never knew when it had had a cleaning or not, and he sometimes thought if Marjorie had swept and dusted much there he ouldn't have loved her as well as he did. As he opened the door he rather hoped he

aside.

The United Labor Party last night nominated the following ticket: Supreme Court Judges, Abner C. Thomas and John Vincent; City Court Judges, George W. Dease and Morris W. Hart: Judge of General Sessions, Frederick Leubuscher; District-Attorney, Louis F. Post; Surrogate, Gideon J. Tucker; Comptroller, Patrick Doody; Coroner, Paul Meyer; President of the Board of Aldermen, William McCabe.

would not find her. Only a few times since they had been married had Marjorie sought refuge there, and then when her heart had failed her: when she had cast berself absolutely on the Major's tenderness.

But there she was, cowering in the corner of the old cracked brown leather sofa. The minute Major Standiford met her glance he knew what had happened. The blow had fallen. The man was not dead after all.

He shut the door, and going to the sofa took the poor thing in his arms. She did not speak or cry, but clung to him with a desperate affection.

"What is it?" asked the Major, presently, "Has—has—he"—

"Yes," groaned Marjorie. "He wrote-here is the letter."
With a sudden impulse of fury he dashed with a sudden impulse of rury he cashed the letter into the fireplace. "D— him! D— him!" he almost shouted. Marjorie disengaged herself from his arms, ran to the fireplace, and almost from the live coals with her little white hand dragged the letter

out.
"You must read it—you must read it," she pleaded. The Major took it gingerly and glanced through it. It was short. The writer informed Mrs. Standiford that he was not dead, as she probably hoped. That he didn't wish to make trouble, but merely wanted "an accommodation." "It's a black mailing at scheme," ground the Major, clutching at a stress. ing at a straw.

"Yes," said poor Marjorie with pale lips and frightened eyes, "but on Tom Forrester's part. I know the letter. If I could believe it was not his—I would die with joy."

Major Standiford sat with his eyes fixed on the fire

danced beautifully and had that mexpended charm that without extraordinary wit or beauty brought men to her feet. The good, the chivalrous, the appreciative, with the well-meant idiocy of their sex, paid her a well-meant and particular attention. The

that as soon as the Major could apply for leave and get it, he was to take her to the one woman that would stand by them through it all—the old maid sunt of the Major's that sometimes made him think that when angels appeared upon the earth they would wear mob caps and old-fashioned black silk gowns like his aunt Emeline; and the second was, that on the next night they should go to the "bal pondie" so that nothing might give rise to suspicion. And then the Major was to see this wretched ghost that had risen from the dead to slay them—and then—and then—. Neither could face that terrible hereafter. Only, if they never met again, nothing could change that everlasting love. matrons could regard her as anything but the enemy of their sex when they saw her surrounded by a cloud of lieutenants, while captains and majors and colonels hovered in the outskirts, and poor Marjorie was frightened and annoyed by it all, but car-ried a brave front over her sinking heart.

"If they'd only keep away for to-night." she thought as ahe stood before her glass pinning a bunch of Parma violets into her white wool gown. But there was no such good luck. Pain and excitement, and the strong necessity of keeping her head well up strong necessity of keeping her head well up toward the world then if ever, had brought a brilliance to her eye and a brightness to her cheek that made her beautiful. Her powdered hair enchanced the darkness of her het again, nothing could change that ever-lasting love.

Presently they went to dinner. As Mar-jorie caught the reflection of her own face in the dining-room mirror, she smiled a little, bitter smile. She had never been strictly a eyes, and narrow, well marked eyebrows, and she wore around her neck the diamond pendant that was Major Standiford's wed-ding gift and was not put on for slight

bitter smile. She had never been strictly a beauty, and now a few gray strands were coming in her brown hair to match the Major's grizzled locks. And for such a face had Major Standiford ruined his life! She forgot to count the soul within, which was what the Major chiefly valued.

Naturally, Mrs. Standiford loved balls. She was the normal woman, but on the few occasions when pride for herself and respect for the Major induced her to go out, she often thought of the poor princess who walked smiling over red hot plough shares. The neglect of the women was bad enough, but the unremitting attention of the men was worse. Unluckily for Mrs. Standiford, she danced beautifully and had that inexplicable charm that without extraordinary wit or beauty brought men to her feet. The good, the chivalrous, the appreciative, with the

Major Standiford sat with his eyes fixed on the fire.

"Dearest," said Marjorie, in a voice that trembled, "what will we do?"

The Major looked at Marjorie, and for answer kissed her cold hand. That was too much for her. She broke into tears, and, sobbing, fell upon his breast.

"Oh, what trouble have I brought upon you?" she cried.

"Not trouble—not trouble, my dear," said the Major, in a husky voice.

And then the two poor creatures sat hand in hand and talked over the death of their happiness. And two things were gottled—her apy better. Neither the maids nor the

Lester Wallack will take a flat this seas Edwin Booth stops at the Fifth Avenue Manager Hill sojourns at the Union Square Hotel.

Charles Coghlan goes to the Brevoort.

F. C. Bangs stops at the Sturtevant.

Mme, de Noucaze lives at the New York The Aronsons live in West Forty-fourth

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Manager Frohman has apartments on Len-ington avenue, but makes Stamford his Frederick Marsden occupies his own house on West One Hundred and Twenty-sizib

Lawrence Barrett, since he gave up his house on Fifth avenue, always stops at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. His homestead is at Cohasset, Mass. What He Supposed. (From the Pittsburg Chrontele.)
"Beg pahdon," said a Pittsburg barber, as t
Kentucky Colonel took his seat in the chair, "bu

to you bite your mustache?" "How do you get it so short and ragged?"
"Cut it, of course. How do you suppose?"
"B'posed maybe yer breath burnt it off."

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